

THE
Literary Companion.

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth."

NO. 11.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1821.

VOL. I.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The gentleman with the long name, (an old acquaintance,) has been so long neglected, for want of room, that the publication of his essay would be too late for his relief. His being from the country is probably the cause of his fearing a night's repose in the watch-house could possibly injure him in the esteem of his "beloved Sall." A few weeks residence would convince him of his error. We assure him, if he wishes to appear fashionable now-a-days, he must swear his sweetest slumbers were in the watch-house!

The arguments and the anathemas of "a Subscriber" are so very bitter and very long against jilts, &c. that we cannot insert them. Could he place them in a more condensed form we should be pleased to do it.

The communication of "Julius" possesses much truth, and is extremely well written; were we persuaded the subject would be interesting, or benefit "humanity," it should be inserted.

If the "Indian Philosopher" had been more carefully written, it should have been inserted.

Where is Larry Rip? we begin to be alarmed. Is he out of town? or has he been climbing up another tree, and unfortunately fell down into Mr. Hadden's hands?

Letters to the author of the history of Harry Lawfull: from Robert Tejear, M. T. S. M. R. C. &c. &c. &c.: from Charles Would-be-Politicus: a letter without a signature. Life of Bob Dashaway, by Jack Fireproof, of the family of Heaters, and living at Heat Hall. Letter from Nick, dated Communipaw.

All are aware, that when an author hath written a work of great utility to society at large, he is sure to be complimented with letters by men high in power and consequence; such hath been the fortune of the history of Harry Lawfull: and, as it is a main aim with us to extend the circulation, and consequently the usefulness of this excellent history, we shall transcribe such letters as we deem best suited for the purpose.

To the author of the History of Harry Lawfull.

DEAR SIR,

I hasten to express my warmest, fullest, and most unbounded expressions of gratitude for the very astonishing services you have conferred upon the rising generation, in the publication of your interesting history, and the accurate statement therein contained; in what way to gain glory, and to become a politician.

Farewell, most worthy sir! may you for a long succession of years continue to enjoy the fruit of your well-earned labours! May your course through life be according to your desert. As for me, I will now go

down to my grave in peace, confident that a happy and prosperous state of things is speedily approaching, and that our children, stimulated by a noble and generous rivalry, turning their backs upon their wonted nightly festivities, will go on to follow in the paths of those patriotic, though worn-out politicians, who are now enjoying, in the midst of their citizens and their families, the honours and the riches they have industriously amassed in the course of their political life. O happy, happy state! Farewell, dear sir, farewell!

Believe me to be, in great sincerity,
thy friend and well-wisher,

ROBERT TEJEAR, M. T. S. M. R. C. &c. &c. &c.

The next letter we shall copy is from quite a young man: his *amor patriæ* is quite a novelty in this age, and deserves every encouragement that we can possibly afford it.

O my dear, dear Mr. Author of Harry Lawfull,

I am in raptures with your history. Ever since I read 'Rollin,' I have been in a fever to be a politician. I wanted, like the great young men he speaks of, to devote my life to my country—to live for it—to die for it. I didn't know how to manage it. I knew no politician: I didn't

dare go to Tammany-hall, for fear I might be taken for a spy: your work told me, and I understood it: There's no tinsel in it: no glittering—no fly away sentences: but plain truth told in plain language: your history has shown me how to become a politician, and your name shall always live fresh in my remembrance.

I remain, with great esteem,

CHARLES WOULD-BE-POLITICUS, A. B.

The following is written in evident haste, (as the young gentleman was desirous of commencing his studies, we suppose,) insomuch that he forgot to sign his name.

To the author of Harry Lawfull.

DEAR SIR,

I have just finished your history: I am going immediately to commence the study

of politics. I'll TRY and be ready to come out next election. Thank you, thank you kindly for your work.

We have, moreover, received certain resolutions from a very grave and temperate body of politicians, approving and complimenting us and our work; but which we shall not, at this time, transcribe.

As the history of Harry Lawfull has had so much success, and promises us a spirited and glorious election the next spring, we shall venture to insert the life of Bob Dashaway, written by Jack Fireproof, of the family of Heaters, and living at Heat Hall.

LIFE OF BOB DASHAWAY,

By Jack Fireproof, of the family of Heaters, and living at Heat Hall.

Bob Dashaway, when a child, was remarkable for his sprightliness. I knew him, says Jack Fireproof, when he was a dandler upon the arms of his mother. She tenderly loved him when he didn't cry, and when her gay and fashionable friends were around her: and these *very dear* friends, in return for her balls so dashing and brilliant, and her *petit* suppers so snug, and so much the rage, were wont to play with his hair, to ask little curly-headed Bob, as they called him, what his name was, and kiss his rosy cheek with a playful and affectionate simplicity, (heightened by a very modest and graceful blush, if any *unmarried* gentleman chanced to be nigh,) and call him the sweetest child that ever *lived*, certainly the sweetest, best dispositioned, handsomest child *they ever saw*.

Bob, finding himself caressed, and made much of, began to take in earnest all the

fine things they said of him; and would occasionally pout his mouth, and look gram when they began to fondle him, and he didn't feel in a humour for it: on such occasions his mother would put her ivory fan to her mouth, and with a tone half in joke, half in earnest, tell him, 'twas vastly impolite to treat the ladies so; at the same time, turning to the lady who sat next to her, with a bewitching smile and a kind of confidential tone,* she would speak of the boy's wit, his sallies of imagination, his quickness of comprehension, his tricks, his devices, his ingenuity, (*his cunning and craftiness* rather,) and all the thousand little plans which boys will contrive when not debarred; and more particularly the trick he played upon the old tom cat, that had almost been strangled to death, 'and which she would not have had to happen for all the world.'

* You know, said Jack to me, what fashionable smiles and secrets are. Their smiles are like the sun—thrown upon all, and yet equally in danger of being clouded: and their secrets are like candles lighted and put upon a bushel, which give light to all around.

Bob, in the nursery, was a modest, playful, good-natured child. In his mother's parlour he was bold, rude, and ill-behaved. As he grew up, these unpleasant qualities in some measure wore away; and as his disposition was naturally frank and open-hearted, he got along tolerably well, and was always considered by his companions as a clever, spirited fellow. To be sure, his mother wouldn't think of such a thing as letting him go without cash: and Bob's cash to his companions was like the load-stone to the needle of the compass. Nevertheless, Bob wouldn't have been styled a clever fellow if he hadn't learned the art of giving: so that a person who knew little about these matters, would have thought he was receiving, instead of conferring a favour. Then he knew the art of smiling, and looking grave in the right place; and when any one of his companions felt that he had done wrong, he always had a balm by him to assuage its poignancy. Then he could flatter the foibles of such an one; smile at an old joke; and then he would fight too, (*or bluster forth that he would fight, if it were not for so and so,*) and as for a second, no man was ever readier than Bob Dashaway.

Bob, somehow or other, was never very apt at study; and though he went to school, and knew the classics; and to college, and went all through Belles Lettres, and Mathematics, and a vast number of sciences; yet no one could accuse Bob of being a bookworm, or of injuring his health by intense and severe application. How he got through all his studies, and became a *bachelor*, I never could account for; I have been led to think, however, that what his mother said, when he was a mere child, about his 'quickness of comprehension,' was true; though whensoever he came in contact with jockeys, swindlers,

professed gamblers, and such like people, this qualification must have left him; for, at sundry and divers times, he was most wofully taken in by them, even to the loss of the greater part of his immense fortune before his death.

But of all fellows for a frolic, Jack used to say, Bob beat me; and among his lesser excellencies, he was in the habit of mentioning betting, gambling, swearing, battling with watchmen, snoring most comfortably in the watch-house, running horses to death, ruining girls, drinking, and a most generous way of spending his cash.*

Bob *lived* to the age of 25: when he killed himself by his *living*. The day he was to be buried, I met, says Jack, a couple of Bob's most intimate friends: "Ah! Jack!" said Bill Scampgrace, "Bob's dead! hey? Jack." "Poor Bob," said Tom Scrapeless, "he's gone at last: well! I thought he couldn't live long: he looked like a ghost the last frolic we were upon." "Ah!" resumed Bill Scampgrace, "Bob was a devilish fine fellow for a scrape."

"I felt sick at heart," said Jack Fireproof, "at these heartless eulogiums on poor Bob; and as Bob had chosen me one of his pall-bearers, I was moving on, when they asked me, 'if I didn't intend going to the play that night to see the new farce, which, they had heard, was mighty comical.'"

I made no answer, but hastened on, reflecting upon the *good* things that were likely to be spoken of me when I died, if I kept on in my old courses. These thoughts were the more deeply impressed upon my mind, as I walked by the side of Bob's coffin to his grave. I went home that night in a state of mind which I never before felt; and I hope, said Jack Fireproof, as he handed me the manuscript, that since that time, I have become a new man.

Our readers may remember that we inserted in our last week's Paper a very temperate article, headed the "*Dark Subject*," exposing the foolish absurdities of the African race. We did not intend to wound the feelings of any, the least of these people. But the following letter, which we have just received by the mail, *post paid*, will go to show how

* It may be well, in this place, to mention, for the information of such as are to live a century hence, that these are the present principal amusements of our young men; and that they are followed with as much interest and perseverance, as if they were the most befitting of all employments.

often the best intentions are misinterpreted. We really hope the gentleman will continue his subscription, and consider our publishing his letter as evincing a disposition to make the *amende honorable*.

However, we would merely subjoin the following extract from the *Democratic Press*.

Crimes and population.—"We lately published an account of the vast disproportion of coloured people which occupied the time of the criminal courts when their whole number was compared with the white population. The census of Chester county, in 1811, gave its white population at 39,696, all other free persons at 1,814, and slaves 7. In that county, at a Court of Oyer and Terminer and Quarter Sessions, held in the last month, every person brought to trial was a negro!!!"

• *Communnepaugh, August 25, 1000 & 800 & 21.*

Massa how hard! Jewner,

(And I tink you've got a pitty good naim 2, consid'rin *how hard* you want to 'pose on de poor Cullur'd Beeple, dough I blieb you'll get De naim ub Massa *Black-hard* next, if you tink you're a-goin to top de *black* beeples no-Shins of deir dependins And Qualitee. An I ges you'll hab a *hard* job ub it.) Wat hurt de cullur'd beeples ebbur do you, hey? den you no biss-nis tu bodder 'um. Ant dey got a rite to wauk? Wat dey got legs fur? Niggur heels nebbur trouble you if dey doo tick out sum—better take care ub your own heals—"4 you pick moles out your budder's I, take de beans out your own."—*Shaiksphear*. 'Pose dey doo sputter—'pose dey doo push you in de guttur? All you got to do is to git up a-gin. 'Pose dey do grin? Whose a goan to top 'em. I ges you want to fill he mout full ur tar so he keep him shet, so he can't make de horse larf no more—you better try. You say missee Eab you grand mammy, and massa Addum and massa Know-her your grate-grand-fardur—an't he black beeples daddy 2? You, may be, tink he white. Hu tole yur so? How you cum to know weddur you *aunts-sisters* black, or if she be white—wair you get your Forma-

tion, hey? Do you 'pose de black gone to take your 'Cumpannyun' wen you let massa me-dumb (pittee he wusn't *dumb*, 'four he right such stuff as dat) run 'um down sow, 'cause he wauk in de "hafrycin globe" by de moon light?

Nudder ting. He tink he make fool ub me and de readers 'bout her he-be. Tink I don't know he syne facetious naim—sow kno-boddee won't kno nothin 'bout it, hey?

I nebbur bin in New-Yauk, and nebbur want to cum—but I don't blieb 'bout deir callin I nudder 'quires and mi lord. Nudder ting. He got sumting at de top ub his peace wat Gen'ral Washinton said den he want tu make yur blieb he knoe Dutch, so he write a line ub Broken English ober it, he! he! he! he make me larf to tink how mush he knoe 'bout it.

He tawk 'bout de cullur'd folks promenays in Broadway. I don't blieb it. Wat he call promynade? Were you buy 'um? Were dey grow? How he knoe if a good many black beeples be in de Wash-house—in de Tait Brizzin—in de Blennedenshee, widout he been dere he sef, hey? Wat you tink?

Yure mose O! be done,

"NICKK."

Poaze Kripp,

You sea I an't goan to be snonnymus like him He knoe mi naim. If he want Sattys-Fak-Shin, let 'um cum ober to Communnepaugh; but I gues he git he belle full and more 2.

☞ Top your paper. I don't nebbur want to 'krybe' no longer; if you want you munnee, cum and git it. Dat's all.

Wair he ebbir C. 7 niggur in a coach? I ges he wun ub 'em.

FOR THE LITERARY COMPANION.

TO ———.

When sorrows press the spirit down,
 And all its chords beat joylessly—
 When sinks the soul at Fortune's frown,
 It seeks relief in memory ;
 And draws from that untroubled spring,
 That fresh spring-tide of other years,
 The balm to cool its withering—
 And wash away affliction's tears.
 There from that fount the cup is fill'd
 With all the sparkling bliss of yore—
 Ere love was lost—or hope was chilled—
 Or joy decayed, to bloom no more !
 So when perchance the hand of time
 Shall spread its blights upon my head,
 And leave my heart a frozen clime
 On which no light of life is shed—
 When dark misfortunes shall descend
 In deepest midnight on my sky,
 Then mem'ry shall her mirror lend,
 Renewing hours when thou wast nigh ;
 When thou like some delightful dream
 Entranced these fair and summer hours,
 And in thy loveliness did seem
 Like Beauty crowning Time with flowers.
 Though now we breathe in accents low
 A long, perhaps, a last farewell,
 Yet still this heart for thee shall glow
 And there shalt thou for ever dwell.
 And if in after years we meet,
 Then be that mild and snowy brow,
 And be that beaming smile as sweet,
 As winning to the eye as now.

FLORIO.

Poughkeepsie, Aug. 13th, 1821.

FOR THE LITERARY COMPANION.

*FROM THE GREEK OF JULIAN.

As once a wreath of flowers I wove
 Within a rose slept youthful love,
 As up he sprung, prepared for flight,
 I caught him by his pinions bright,
 And plunged him in the ruby bowl,
 Then eagerly drank off the whole—
 And now he flutters in my breast,
 Nor for a moment gives me rest.

FLORIO.

* This ode, intimating that Love is the assiduous companion of Bacchus, is ascribed to Julian, governor of Egypt, under the Emperor Justinian.

For the Literary Companion.
VIEW OF THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA.

(Continued.)

From the latter end of July to the commencement of November, is the period usually distinguished by the appellation of "Hurricane months;" and although they do not regularly take place every year, yet as they always happen within little more than a month of the autumnal equinox, its essential cause must be found in something peculiar to that period.

The mountains, it has been observed, form by far the largest portion of the island of Jamaica. The valleys which intersect them, and correspond in their direction, form at once a grand, sublime, and majestic appearance; in some parts conveying the idea of immense circular heaps of earth, or rock, carelessly thrown up by the hand of nature; in others, as if art, after extraordinary exertions, had succeeded in raising a wall, to serve as a permanent barrier between the north and south sides of the island; while in many places, the country presents that pleasing variety of plains which beautify many parts of America.

Those parts of the mountains which have been cleared and cultivated, produce coffee, cotton, pimento, and ginger, as articles of trade; and for the purposes of the table, tropical and most kinds of European vegetables in perfection; while the luxurious part of them is amply supplied with all the fruits peculiar to the country. Among these may be mentioned the star-apple, custard-apple, and keshieu; the latter seldom or ever is exported.

The highest land in Jamaica is known by the name of the *Blue Mountains*; and though attempts have been made to ascend the peak, yet I never heard of any one having succeeded—the condensed state of the air, and the difficulty of access, having always proved insurmountable obstacles to the accomplishment of this undertaking. This peak is called *John Crow Hill* by the negroes; they believing it to be the resort of the Turkey Buzzards. It may here be remarked as being curious, that these birds, which abound at Jamaica, are not to be seen in St. Domingo, though these islands are not many leagues asunder. The legislature have passed a law to prevent their destruction.

SPANISH-TOWN.

Spanish-town, the capital of Jamaica, is situated about five miles inland, to the northwest of Port Royal harbour.

Its site is a depressed plain, surrounded by various mountains, which approach within a few miles of the town.

The country between the town and the sea, consists of rich mould, rock, and sand. The Rio Cobre passes on its eastern boundary, and supplies the town with excellent water.

The houses are very low; those inhabited by the people of colour, having no upper story. Mr. Long, in his history of Jamaica, computes the number of inhabitants in Spanish-town to be about 1700 in the year 1796. The town, since that period, has considerably increased, though very fluctuating. From the best information I could obtain, the present number of inhabitants must be little less than 5000. During the sessions, and the sitting of the Grand Court, there is a greater number of transient persons in Spanish-town, than at any other period of the year; as for some weeks, the former obliges the members of the Council and House of Assembly, and the latter, for a still longer period, the judges, gentlemen of the law, the jurors, and such persons as have business at the court, to reside in town. His grace the Governor resides in Spanish-town.

KINGSTON.

The town of Kingston, which is of very considerable extent, is situated on the gradual descent or termination of rather an elevated spot of ground, forming the northern boundary of that extensive basin of water, Port Royal Harbour. This bay, on, or near the banks of which, are placed the different posts of Port Royal, Apostles Battery, and Fort Augusta, is computed to be about ten miles in length, and its widest part about four.

Fort Augusta, from its being considered an important security to the town of Kingston by water, is always subject to accommodate British troops. The sea surrounds the fort, except to the west, where it is connected to the land, which runs between a sandy peninsula and the bay, in a narrow form, until it is lost in

the Port Henderson Salina. This post is situated upon a sandy and rocky base ; and the barracks, which are of brick, and airy, are capable of accommodating 500 men.

There is a very narrow, flat, and sandy isthmus, terminating in the town of Port Royal, which prevents Kingston from being open to the sea, on the southeast ; while it is closely invested by the bay on the south ; its eastern aspect is a small, low tract of land, situated between the Fort Royal mountains and the sea, on which is placed Rock Fort, in whose vicinity there are swamps, that probably contribute to render Kingston unhealthy, from their lying nearly in the track of the sea-breeze.

The Linguanca mountains form the northern boundary of Kingston, which at the distance of about six miles, run in a parallel line, and in a very bold and lofty direction. The space between these hills and the town, is principally laid out in *Pens*,* to which many of the inhabitants of Kingston retire ; and as it is not swampy, and the ground slopes towards the sea, these situations in general prove healthy.

To the westward between Kingston and Spanish-town, the land which binds the bay is very flat, and for some miles is intersected with *lagoons*, that in many places are inundated by the sea, which upon receding, leaves sufficient materials to produce unhealthy exhalations.

The little village of *Greenwich* is situated upon a part of this low-land, about a mile from Kingston, and has ever been remarkable for its bad air, and for the mortality it has always occasioned, particularly among Europeans : fevers of the continued and remittent kind, mortal dysentery, a tardiness of recovery from acute diseases, and a great disposition to relapses, all are to be derived from a residence at Greenwich ; and it appears that in a former war, it proved fatal to hundreds of French prisoners who were confined at this place.

To the northward of Greenwich there is an extensive tract of *Salina*,† which, after a considerable influx of the sea from the harbour, is frequently overflowed

by salt water ; and at particular periods it is also liable to be inundated by the *Ferry River*, which has a previous communication with a tract of lagoons ; and the waters derived from these sources frequently remain stationary on the Salina, and give rise to morbid exhalations.

Kingston is situated upon a soil, which in some parts is gravelly, in others, a rich mould intermixed with gravel, and on the western extremity bordering on the Salina, it is principally sea-sand and ooze. The situation must, however, be altogether dry, since it slopes from the mountains in such a manner, that the heavy rains are always directly carried off into the sea, and therefore the water never lodges long in the town.

Owing to the distance from the *Hope River*, the inhabitants are not supplied with such fine water as those of Spanish-town ; many of them being obliged to procure it from wells in the town, which from their vicinity to the sea, furnish water of a brackish quality, that is very apt to disagree with the bowels.

I met with some difficulty in ascertaining the number of inhabitants in Kingston ; still, however, they are computed at about 15,000, including the Jews, who are about double the number to those of Spanish-town.

The white inhabitants may be classed under four heads : the first are the natives, or Creoles. The second, are the higher order of Europeans, who have resided some time in the island. Among those may be ranked the members of the different professions of divinity, law, and physic ; the proprietors, or attorneys for properties ; the officers of the different civil departments ; the first description of merchants ; and the respectable clerks in offices and counting-houses. The third, are the lower order of Europeans. These are principally overseers and book-keepers of properties, under-clerks, the lower class of tradesmen, mechanics, and the various handicraftsmen : (it is to be understood, that many of the overseers and book-keepers, who are men of respectability and character, are not included in this class.) The de-

* In a preceding number by mistake this word was printed *PEUS*.

† So called from its salt brinish qualities ; producing various shrubs and plants, which will only vegetate in the most barren soils.

structive use of spirits, which too generally prevails among them, and the constant fatigue in the sun, to which many of them are exposed, serve to shorten the lives of a great proportion of these people. The fourth, include all description of Europeans lately arrived. The description of people to whom the climate proves most favourable, are those who

have been subject in their native country to scrofulous, rheumatic, or pulmonary complaints; this climate seems also to agree with the constitutions of children, who after the age of four, become weakly, relaxed, and languid, and acquire the features and constitution peculiar to natives of warm climates.

M. B. F*****.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE LITERARY COMPANION.

WAR,

A TALE, BY MONTGOMERY.

Julia Maria P***** was the daughter of a field-officer of the Revolution, who had fallen, crowned with the wreath of victory, in the Fight of Bunker Hill. His two sons, both of high rank, and the Marquis D'Estanville, a colonel of dragoons, the betrothed husband of Julia, were his aids on that day of glory.****

Colonel D'Estanville with a selected body of his cavalry, rode near the person of General P*****, for whose head a high price had been offered by the British Ministry, and whose life was sought after by the eager foe as the fierce blood-hound hunts for his destined prey. By a sudden manœuvre of the enemy, this faithful band, which enclosed the Hero, was charged in flank at the very moment they were forcing a body of the enemy down the hill, and totally surrounded.

Thrice did the courageous troop of D'Estanville repel the unequal attack of the hostile savages and Hessians, who seemed bent on one only object—the life of the gallant chief—thrice they rallied and advanced, and thrice again were they repulsed. General P*****, and his party had been gradually separated from the main body, and now their only safety was to retreat. At every repulse of their thronged assailants, they slowly fell back, but still the onset was renewed with deafening war-whoops and savage shouts. A long line of bodies, scattered along the road, marked the American retreat.

But now they could go no farther. Their implacable foes, in increased numbers, pressed on them in front; in the rear, the angry wave, which lashed the shore, spake death to their every hope.

They were now about to plunge, in mad despair, into the torrent before them;

when, at a great distance, they beheld different troops of cavalry, enveloped in clouds of dust, rapidly advancing to their rescue. Inspired with hope, they collected their drooping spirits and their fast-fleeting strength, once more, with desperate resolution, to redeem their liberty and their lives. The brave marquis and the general led the gallant few; behind them rode the two brothers, side by side, the youngest bearing the standard in his left hand; the rest followed in a double column, raising themselves higher on their stirrups—their dripping sabres now raised on high, and now descending, dealing death inevitable. Still, as they thus furiously rode to cut their dangerous way through the opposing host, the places of those who fell before them were quickly filled by increasing numbers, who bid defiance to their efforts.

Now they heard the shrill note of the clarion which proclaimed their rescue—now they hear the trampling of the approaching horsemen—they hear the cry of their commander as he bids them “charge!” But it is too late. In the moment of safety—in the moment of victory, his sword dropped from his nerveless grasp—the bridle fell from his convulsed hand, and overcome by the loss of blood, which streamed from the many wounds that scarred his noble breast, the patriot chieftain fell! D'Estanville caught him in his arms: his last words were, “I have done my duty—I die a freeman!” Thus had the patriot died.

Shall I pursue the story of the fight? Who does not know the event of that glorious day? How oft at its recital have we inwardly offered ourselves to our country's service, ‘for her to live, for her to die.’

But his liberty and his life regained—

the joy of victory could not lighten the heart of D'Estanville of its load of grief. He thought of Julia. It was for him to bear the tidings of her father's, of her brother's fate. But he knew her heart; her patriotism could divest grief of its poignancy, and enable her to hear, almost with calmness, the worst of evils, were her country only safe. The love of country in those days of peril was the female's strongest passion. Little do we know how many sufferings they endured—never can we sufficiently appreciate their feelings, who could sometimes, even with pleasure, listen to the history of the deaths of a husband—a father—a brother, or a son, who had died the field with purple gore to blot out for ever every footstep of vassalage and foreign tyranny—who gave their blood, and offered up the children of their affection, to purchase that freedom which some trifle with, and think of no account. Shades of the departed great! Martyrs of British tyranny! inspire us with your spirits, and we shall ever protect the birthright you bestowed.

The loud minute gun struck on the ear of Julia, as she waited the return of her friends. The shrill notes of the fife at intervals—the solemn beat of the drum—the slow and measured tread of the approaching army told they mourned the fate of some deplored companion in arms. She had dropped from her hand the spy-glass with which she had viewed the progress of the fight, and she now stood at the entrance of her father's tent—a shuddering anticipation agitating her whole form—her pale cheek blanched as the mountain snow—a cold dew upon her high, white forehead—her black, glossy ringlets moving in the wind—her hand pressed firm on her heaving bosom, as if to stop the throbbings of her anxious heart, as she watched the coming of the mournful band. Here might sculpture have found an object worthy of its chisel. The two hardy yeomen sentinels halted on each side of her to present their arms as the long procession passed.

First came the captive steed of the

British general led by two soldiers, dragging on each side of him in the dust the standards of St. George's Cross, and the English Lion; next rode eighty horsemen in two open columns, with their swords inverted: in the centre was General——, now the chief in command, and four aids. These were followed by musicians playing a solemn dirge; then a long line of infantry with arms inverted: after them rode Colonel the Marquis D'Estanville, on a black charger, followed by his regiment of dragoons. The long white hair, that hung from his helmet, stained with blood and dust, his cheek pale, and his eye fixed on the ground, buried in deep meditation; his steed, bending his arched neck, with a solemn pace passed on. After them, at a small distance, followed two biers: on each lay a broken sword and pistols: they were guarded on both sides, in front and rear, by forty officers mounted, selected from the whole army, and formed into a hollow square: two white horses, led by four servants clothed in white followed; then with a pale and grief-worn countenance, in his only remaining hand bearing the standard with which he had left the camp, rode Lieutenant Colonel P****, the twin-brother of Julia: no tear moistened his cheek—no groan of anguish, no sigh of sorrow, passed his lips; his head was bare, and a wound in the forehead was bound with a white bandage; in silence he gazed on the coffins of his relatives, and proceeded, followed, at some distance, by a long extended line of troops, which closed the procession. They passed on, and the sound of their steps was now lost in the distance. Julia moved not—spoke not—wept not—her eyes were fixed, as if in death, on the spot where the last soldier had disappeared—and long she stood rooted to the spot.

Vollies of musketry roused her from her stupor: she raised her eyes: two horses were heard galloping towards her, and her brother and D'Estanville, dismounted from their horses, and stood before her.

(To be continued.)

Stillest streams oft water fairest meadows.
And the bird that flutters least is longest
In the flight.—Cowper.

EXTRACTS FROM A STUDENT'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK. NO. III.

Quis talia legens temperet a admiratione? HORACE.
Who, reading such things, can abstain from admiration.

Who has not paused, whilst beauty's pensive eye
 Asked of his heart the homage of a sigh.—*Cowper.*

Give me the man that is not passion's slave, and
 I will wear him in my heart; ah! in my heart of hearts.—*Shakspeare.*

Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
 A boon, an offering, heaven holds dear,
 'Tis the last libation liberty draws,
 From the heart that bleeds and breaks in its cause.—*Tom Moore.*

Beauties in vain their charming eyes may roll,
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.—*Pope.*

The man who lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
 whom it were vile flattery to call a coward.—*Shakspeare.*

Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes
 They wear on earth would serve in paradise.

Who, if between the folds but one eye shone,
 Like Seba's queen, could vanquish with that one.

Like lutes of angels touched so near
 Hell's confines, that the damned could hear.

Say, O ye lords of ladies intellectual,
 Say truly, have they not henpecked you all.—*Lord Byron.*

I am well aware, that what is base,
 No polish can make sterling, and that vice,
 Though well perfumed, and elegantly dress'd,
 Like an unburied carcass trick'd with flowers,
 Is but a garnished nuisance, fitter far
 For cleanly riddance, than for fair attire.—*Cowper.*

With thee conversing, I forgot all time,
 All seasons, and their change, all please alike.—*Milton.*

He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
 Let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all.—*Shakspeare.*

Full many a lady
 I've eyed with best regard, and many a time
 Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
 Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
 Have I lik'd several ladies; never any
 With so full soul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she own'd,
 And put it to the soil. But you, oh! you,
 So perfect and so peerless are created,
 Of every creatures best.—*Shakspeare.*

In form each beauty of her mind's express'd,
 Her mind is virtue by the graces drest.—*Lytleton.*

The following paper was found among some old manuscripts of a Lady of a fine mind,
 and amiable manners, who left this city with her husband and child, in order to seek a
 patrimony at a distance from social and polished life, and in the midst of our wildernesses.
 At the time she wrote it, she was in ill health, and with very little prospect of any thing

else before her but the tomb. But she is now alive and well; and the solitary place to which she went is made glad, and the wilderness has been made to blossom and rejoice as the rose.

On earth I have no home. I am about to leave my mother, and most of my friends and relations, with whom I have spent my early life. My husband and child alone remain with me. Strangers must be my associates. My body is weak—my mind untutored in adversity. I feel myself unfit to endure the hardships of life. The Lord, I hope, will be my support. O may I dare to look up to him as my friend. May I put my trust in him in a strange land. May I find a home that never can be lost, a home in Heaven.

If I should not live long in this world, as I often think I cannot, may some kind friend be a mother to my babe, teach her to walk in the path of virtue—watch over her infant steps—reprove her faults with gentleness, and tell her she once had a mother who constantly prayed for her welfare in this, and the world to come, and that whether she met with prosperity or adversity here, she might put her trust in her Heavenly Father, who has promised to protect the orphan.

August 10, 1817.

FOR THE LITERARY COMPANION.

Montgomery-town, Orange County—I understand—Aug. 20th, 1821.

MR. HOWARD,

I now take my pen in hand to write you according to my word given when I left New-York, for I consider my word as good as my bond; although I feel somehow a little foolish like about it, for folks tell me you are making fun of me; but I hope Mr. Howard, I should never have any such suspicions about you—feather was a great fisiognomist, and could tell right off by a man's face which of the thirteen States he was from, and I think I have enough of the old block in me, not to be deceived, when I judge you above such feoul practices.

You must know then, that after leaving you, me and Sister Jemima arrived the same afternoon just afore Sun down, in a place they call Topporn Sloat, and put up at a heouse the Captain of the Veasel recommended to us for entertainment—Our passages was confeounded cheap—only one and Sixpence, our money, for both of us, Jemima and I—Why, now Mr. Howard what a tarnation set these Dutch folks are!—Will you believe me, when I tell you that Sister was quite unwell during a considerable part of the passage, for what cause I can't guess, unless it be that She was not used to your gingerbread, and that these unmannerly rabble behaved worse than our Narraganset Indians, for they got as many as could of 'em into the births, and the rest sat round smoking their pipes and raised such a fugo that I was almost suffocated—Mister, says I, to one of them, I wish you would set a little farther off from Jemima—upon this he gave another puff, and gabbled a little Dutch to the others, who began to talk and laugh—By jingo! I felt like giving him a chouser, and should, if it

had'nt been for frightening Jemima—The next day we went round to see the country a little—Mr. Van Dockan took us out in his Waggon—We stopt at a Mr. Van Blarcom's near the town. He was out in the orchard when we arrived, so we went out to see him; there was the old man up a tree with a pigeon in his hand, and Mrs. Van Blarcom underneath—she told me their stool pigeon had got away a few days before, and that one of their neighbours was telling them they had better set a snare for it, which they had done, and caught it by the neck, and that the poor thing was strangling, and Van Blarcom had gone up to get it. Oh Mr. Howard you would have laughed to see the old fellow up the tree—what a figure he cut with the pigeon in one hand and holding fast to the tree with the other; he hadn't the knack of climbing, he had got up, but he didn't know how to get down—Come down Van Blarcom says his wife, and he jabbered back again in Dutch; at length Mr. Van Dorkan and myself helped him down, but the poor pigeon was apparently dead; you had better blow into his mouth Mr. Van Blarcom says I; so he applied his mouth and blowed away like the deuce down his throat, and finding that not to answer, I told him the other way and try it which he did; but all would not do, the pigeon died—We condoled with him, for his loss—Went in to the house and tried a little of his buttermilk, then came off; and after seeing a nation of sights and Major Andrews grave, where they had just been taking the bones away, we got back to Mr. Van Dockan's.

The next day the minister, who they call the Domine there, came down to visit his congregation round—I saw him coming down the road, and as soon as the people observed him they set off in various directions from their houses, some one way and some the other, so that by the time he arrived, the houses had become quite desolated except of the women and children—They are a darnation curious set of folks at that place—you can smack the girls there as much as you've a mind to—you may be sure I did my share of it, altho' one of the girls said she'd pull my flaxy head for me, if I didn't let her alone—One of the Dutch lads wanted to kiss Jemima, but she hit him a souser right in the face, and drove him off—you see my fiddle, didn't you, Mr. Howard, when I was in New-York?—Well, I took that with me and played "Feather and I went down to Camp," and Yankee doodle for 'em to dance by—we had a plaguy fine time.

Well, thinks I, I mean to go up the river farther in the steam boat—you must know I was never aboard a steam boat—so I got two men to take us off to meet her: hokies! how she did come! splashing, and dashing, and smoking! Well, we got aboard, and there we see all the fine folks—there was some going to the springs—and lawyers going to Albany—and there was a little man with a quon and a powdered head, strutting on the deck, who I heard some of 'em call General, and say he was going up about politics. I took Jemima, and went and set forward where all the folks had got collected, and were pointing out to each other the different views. Here I saw a young man whom I am pretty sure was travelling with his sweetheart, for I heard a good many *soft* expressions pass between them: directing his hand towards a very high and inaccessible ridge of rocks on the left hand side of the river, near which I observed two or three crows hovering. "What a romantic and delightful spot," says he, "for two tender hearts:" and then he squeezed her hand, and looked askance at her, which she answered with the same motion of the eyes; and on

passing Butter Hill, a confounded great mountain which rises right out of the river, he again exclaimed—"Truly would I take the lover's leap from that eminence, if denied a place in thy tender bosom." And then he looked at her the same as before, and she again cast a sheep's eye at him. I don't know much about romances, and refinements, and the like of them; but, thinks I, if you jump off of there, you'd be more of a pig than I should; for there isn't a girl in Taunton—and there's Sally Prentiss, who's as good and plump a looking one as you would wish to clap eyes upon—that, darn me, I'd be willing to cut my fingers for. It may be because I think myself better looking than ordinary lads, but even if this wasn't so, I don't think I should do it, for I've no notion of making the girls of so much consequence—feather used to read to me out of some book, that the angel told Adam he musn't let Eve get the upper hand of him, and I think that a very good rule. Well, we landed at Newburgh, a village on the left hand side of the river, and from that we have come out to this place. The folks here are very different from those at Topporn, though they have some tricks, or know a little of Boston notions. I went into a country store yesterday, and a man came in and asked for a gallon of whiskey—the store-keeper measured it out, and then expecting his pay, the man told him he had no money, and that he must trust. I can't do that, said he, for I don't know ye: well then you can take it back, said the other: so he poured it back into the measure from the keg and went off; but the joke of it is, that he had upwards of a quart of water in the keg before he poured the rum in, and so got that quantity of rum and water for nothing.

I am afraid I have made my letter too long already; so I shall conclude without sending you more particulars at present. I am going, in a day or two, with a party to the springs near Goshen, and then, *perhaps*, will write you further.

Your friend,

JONATHAN.

GOSSIPIANA, NO. VII.

Mr. K— was a weak sort of man, and as for bravery, he was a real Jerry Sneak; however, he could at times discourse of battles, and succeed in working himself into a perfect rage of courage. I recollect once he, as usual, had got on his favourite theme, in conversing with my uncle, and wound up by saying, "well, Bill, I fear I shall never die a *natural death*!" "I don't know how that may be," was the reply, "but you will certainly die a *natural fool*!"—(Original.)

Lord Norbury, a judge celebrated for condemning to death so many Irish Rebels, one day after trying and sentencing an unusual number, was dining at a public house with some

gentlemen of the bar. Pointing to a dish on the table, he asked "Mr. ——— is that hung beef, if it is I believe I'd try some of it." "Why," says Mr. ———, "I don't know what it is now but it will be hung if you try it."

A young gentleman having occasion to ask a lady for the snuffers across the table, addressed her in the following truly emphatic and enamoured strain: "Most beautiful, accomplished, and charming lady, will your ladyship, by an unmerited and undeserved condescension of your infinite goodness, please to extend to your most obsequious, devoted and very humble servant, that pair of ignipotent digests, that I may excarpate the excrescences of this nocturnal cylindric luminary, in order that the refulgent brightness of its resplendent brilliancy may dazzle the vision of our ocular optics more potently.—*Microscope.* (Albany.)

Literary Curiosity—There is in the hands of Mr. Stephen Norton, book-binder of this place, an old manuscript Latin Bible, said to have been wrote in England, by a monk, 980 years ago. The letter used in this work is the German text or black letter, and executed so neatly on parchment, that it has more the appearance of engraving than the work of a pen.—The parchment is so fine that the book is not much above the size of a common pocket bible. There is no date to this bible; it has been handed down from age to age, and is now preserved as the property of a gentleman of this county. From the execution of the work, it must have been the labour of many years, or even the lifetime of some pious christian, who flourished prior to the discovery of the art of printing.—*Kentuckian.*

Mr. G—— of this city, whilst delivering an oration before the Free Masons at Hudson, was interrupted by a loud hiss from some person in the church. Turning in the direction of the sound he immediately exclaimed "Even in the Garden of Eden there was a Serpent."—(*Original.*)

Retort.—In a country church the minister had taken for his text a passage from Job; as is very common in a short sermon, he repeated his text very frequently, and at one time looking full in the face of a poor negro with a wooden leg, who was just hobbling into the gallery he said, "and Satan came also among them." "Well" says coffee who construed this into a direct insult, "I pose you glad to see you fardur come."

The same remark "and Satan came also among them" was applied, by a facetious clergyman, to a lawyer who had just entered the room where a number of ministers were assembled. "Yes" he answered "we also have read "Lo there was a certain man who fell among thieves."

A young lady in England, rather than expose her age to those who were taking the census, lately paid the penalty of two pounds.

From the (Baltimore) Morning Chronicle.

There are two persons, Mr. Editor, (S. S. and W. C. and I know not how many more) in our city, who are continually practising swindling tricks upon the inhabitants, under the imposing garb of gentlemen. It is a constant practice with them to step into a store, and under the false pretence of having left their pocket book at home, or having spent all their money in market, request the loan of two, three, five or ten dollars, having just purchased some flour, turkeys, &c. &c. and are short that amount. I am sorry to say, in most cases they succeed with the credulous. Although one has been many years in this practice, (in a sister city as well as our own) he succeeded in swindling a poor market woman, out of a dozen chickens, only a day or two since. The other after having purchased, (but not paid for) several pounds of butter of a countryman, borrowed of him two dollars until he could go to the next butcher's stall, and get a ten dollar note changed. The countryman has never received a cent for either, nor never will. At other times they will step into a grocery or other store, select a quantity of goods, and request they may be sent home, or to such a No. with a bill, which will be paid on the delivery. When they arrive, the gentleman is not within, and he must call again, and calling is all they ever get. It is not uncommon to see twenty persons calling daily at their houses, for bills—among which are dry good merchants and grocers' clerks, bakers, butchers, milkmen, boatmen, draymen, woodsawyers, &c. but all go away empty. In fact; they appear to subsist by these swindling practices. Conversing with an attorney this morning, he informed me that these offences were indictable. I therefore warn them, (S. S. and W. C.) to desist from such practices without delay, or they shall assuredly hear from me ere long, via the grand jury. I caution the public to be on their guard against those swindlers, and subscribe myself

One of the Injured.

"The advantages of this (the Fulton's) trip, as to health and pleasure, will be talked of with delight for many years to come, and long after many of the participators are numbered with their forefathers."—*Prediction of Solomon Lang, Esq.*

A snug family in Green township, Hamilton county, Ohio.

Michael Isgrig and Barbara his wife,	- - - 2
Children 17, married 14,	- - - 31
Grandchildren 96, married 7,	- - - 103
Great grandchildren,	- - - 22

—
Total 158

The Harvest.—The accounts from almost every county in this state represent the crops of wheat, barley, oats, rye, flax and hay, to have been most abundant, and surpassing those of last year. The long continuance of dry weather appears to have greatly injured the corn, buckwheat and potatoes, the crops of which, it is believed, will turn out in several places very light, unless a favourable change soon takes place. The drought, however, is confined to a few districts. The appearance is much the same in Pennsylvania; while in both Carolinas great complaints are making of their cotton and corn crops having been greatly injured by incessant rains, though it is admitted, "that upon the whole it is probable there will be a sufficiency to supply every want." —*Advocate.*

FOR THE LITERARY COMPANION.

Written by a gentleman who had been absent from his native land thirty years.

When silent time wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years:
My native land I sought again,
Wi' mony hopes and fears.
Wha kens, thought I, if friends I left,
Should aye continue mine,
Or gin I ere should meet again,
The joys I left lang syne?

As I drew near my ancient pile,
My heart beat all the way;
Ilk place I passed seem'd yet to speak,
Of some dear former day.
Those days that follow me afar—
Those happy days o' mine
That made me think the joys at han,
Were naething to lang syne.

I cam to ilka weel kend place,
In hopes to find friends there;
I saw where mony a one had sat,
I hung on mony a chair,

Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across those ee'n o' mine;
I shut the door, and sobbed aloud,
To think of auld lang syne.

To win me frae these wofu thoughts,
They led me to the town;
Where soon in ilka weel kend face,
I missed the youthful bloom:
At balls they pointed to a nymph,
Whom all declared divine,
But sure her mother's blushing face
Was fairer far lang syne.

Ye crones and comrades i' my youth,
Forgie an auld man's spleen!
Who midst the gayest scenes now mourns
The days he once has seen.
When time is past and seasons fled,
Your hearts may feel like mine;
And all that sang will maist delight
That minds you of auld lang syne.

PARISEN.—PORTRAIT PAINTER.

From a review of the seventh annual exhibition of the American Academy of the Fine Arts, we extract the following correct and well written critiques on the performances of this promising young artist.

Portrait of a lady.—Parisen. A good picture, and a very excellent likeness; the drapery has very considerable merit, and the whole performance shows that this

artist rapidly advances in a just knowledge of his art. He who would become eminent must hold *lucre* a secondary consideration to fame; as, in the event of paint-

ing solely for the former, it very often happens that the artist is left without either; but if the latter is the main spring of his exertions, it seldom occurs that he does not receive his due share of honour and emolument.

Portrait of Maywood as Baron Trevasi, in S. B. Judah's Melo Drama of "The Mountain Torrent."—Parisen. We are no less delighted than surprised by this meritorious production. The early performances of this young artist presaged much of future excellence; but we did not anticipate that it would, in part, be so soon realized. We here find a portrait that ranks with any in the room, both for strength of resemblance and beauty of execution; nor is it often that we see one that excels it in strength and force of expression.

ACT 2—SCENE 1.

Baron Trev.—*Another word and my sword shall lend a keen reply.*

This is the time chosen by the artist, and the powers of the performer are here no less conspicuous than the merit of the painter, while the former happily displays, in his taunting looks and fierce glance, the effects of some taunting words; his hand involuntarily advancing to grasp his sword, the artist successfully transfers the actor to the canvass, with all the passions that

burn within his breast. It is true, there are some trifling faults, and what picture has none? But taking it as a whole, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it a very excellent production. We shall dismiss the subject by observing, that if this artist continues to improve in this manner, he will shortly become a first rate portrait painter.

Portrait of an artist.—Parisen. A likeness of the artist, painted by himself. It has a very natural expression, and is a picture of considerable merit. The lights and shades are happily managed to bring out the head, and to produce a harmony of colouring; the arrangement of the overcoat is not so graceful as we had reason to expect from the hand that painted the other parts of this picture.

Portrait of a gentleman in miniature.—Parisen. We have only occasionally seen miniatures by this artist, and we have only to observe, that if he paints all of them in a style equally elegant, he will, if improvement is as rapid, soon reach a station that will rival his most successful contemporary artists. There is a clearness and transparency of colouring we seldom meet with in pictures of this description. The ground in some places is rather dark and opaque.

Specimens of Parisen's painting can be seen at No. 258 William-street.

FOR THE LITERARY COMPANION.

A NEW PUBLICATION.

DEAR SIR,

As you profess a wish "to be numbered among those who have given ardour to virtue," I have taken the liberty to address the following communication for insertion in your interesting publication:

Mr. John Midwinter of this city, a blind man, has just put to press, "a Narrative of the Life of James Downing, who lost his sight in the English service, being a soldier in the 20th regiment of foot, in Egypt." The undertaking is peculiarly calculated to interest the benevolent feelings of the citizens of New-York, inasmuch as the publisher, instead of claiming public support, to which he is entitled by his situation, evinces a determination to support his independence, and still "eat his bread by the sweat of his brow." He has hitherto employed his time in making mats, and in selling books, &c. around the country; through which means, and the assistance of a few friends, he has been enabled to maintain himself and family: (for he too has a family!) Through his own exertions and the kindness of his friends he

has obtained subscribers sufficient to defray the expense of publishing the above work, and now looks forward in anticipation of reaping the reward of his labours in the patronage of a generous public.

I have no interest in thus representing the publisher's situation, except the interest which every man should feel in the welfare of his fellows. And I trust your bosom, sir, as well as mine, will throb with lively concern for the welfare of every man who is determined, in spite of the frowns of fortune, to maintain his independence.

A subscription list may be seen at John C. Totten's, 9, Bowery.

Addresses.—The Board for selecting a prize address for the opening of the new Theatre, assembled yesterday. Upwards of sixty were presented, and after considerable discussion, the prize was awarded to "Charles Sprague, State Bank, Boston." The address, though defective in some lines, and better calculated to read than be spoken, was nevertheless the best, taken

altogether. Although others could have been selected for *effect* on the Stage, yet some consideration was due to the poetic character of the country, in reference to its publication. It is no easy task to write an

address, possessing evident merit throughout. If the commencement was approved in most cases, it was found to flag in the conclusion. We should have been pleased had New-York taken the prize.—*Advocate*.

NUPTIAL.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. JACOB SKAATS, to Miss CATHARINE DAY, all of this city.

At Greenbush, Rockland county, on Thursday, the 26th July, by the Rev. Andrew Thompson, Doctor THOMAS VAN ZANDT, to Miss EUPHEMIA, only daughter of Thomas Blanch, Junr. all of this city.

At Elizabethtown, Mr. ROBERT AITKIN, of Delaware county, N. Y. to Mrs. HETTY JONES, of the city of New-York.

At Wallingford, Conn. Mr. JOSEPH DOOLITTLE, to Miss MARY BRONSON. Mr. SAMUEL MOSS, to Miss BETSEY DOOLITTLE. Mr. ROSWELL DOOLITTLE, to Miss POLLY MOSS. Mr. LEMUEL DOOLITTLE, to Miss DUEDAMA MATTOOM. [These Doolittles have done a good deal.]—*Hartford paper*.

OBITUARY,

On Wednesday evening, Mr. WILLIAM F. LIVESLEY, hatter, a native of Leeds, England, aged 25 years.

On Wednesday morning, after a short illness, Mr. JOHN SMITH, in the 63d year of his age, much regretted by his friends and a numerous acquaintance.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mr. JOAN GREENOAK, of Hallett's Cove, (L. I.) aged 70.

On Friday, 17th inst. Mr. JOSEPH WAREHAM.

Mrs. ANN BOLMER, aged 32; JOHN W. CONKLIN, 41; ABBY HALSTEAD; THOMAS G. NIXON, at Hudson.

At Shepherdstown, Va. Col. JOSEPH SWEARINGEN, aged 68. His corpse was interred in the family burial ground of his ancestors, with military honours. In 1775 he entered the army of the Revolution, at a very early period of life, and continued in the army till the ever memorable 4th of July, '76; previous to which he had attained the rank of captain. At the close of the struggle, he returned to his native county, in which he spent the remainder of his life with honour and esteem.

In Williamson county, Ten. Col. BENJAMIN SEAWELL, aged 79. He was a bold and zealous Republican, and entered the Revolutionary war at its commencement, in the capacity of captain of a volunteer company.

At New-Orleans, Capt. W. Boyd; Mr. G. W. Robinson; Reuben Johnson, from Massachusetts; John Elder, a stranger; ——— Goodwin, from Maine.

At Curacao, Mr. David Stanwood, aged 22, late of Boston.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR AUGUST, 1821.

days.	Degrees.			Winds.			Weather.		
	8 a. m.	2 p. m.	8 p. m.	8 a. m.	2 p. m.	8 p. m.	8 a. m.	2 p. m.	8 p. m.
16	82	92	86	W b S	SW b S	S	clear	clear	clear
17	81	88	79	N E	SSE	S E	clear	clear	clear
18	80	88	77	S	S	N E	cloudy	clear	rain
19	77	84	77	N	S b W	S	cloudy	clear	clear
20	77	85	82	S b E	S	S	misty	clear	fly'g clouds
21	75	79	75	NNW	NW	NW b W	clear	fly'g clouds	fly'g clouds
22	79	76	73	N	W	S	clear	clear	clear

The 18th, rain began about 5 o'clock P. M., continued till about 10 o'clock P. M., accompanied with thunder.

The 20th, misty in the morning. Incessant lightning through the evening.

PUBLISHED BY G. & J. HUNTLEY.

BOLMORE, PRINTER, 70 BOWERY, NEW-YORK.